
Because shadows will fade.
But time will remain,
And will be there when
DARKNESS is PASSING.


And the planets afar,
Swim in OCEANS of STARS,
Quite indifferent to
ALL of this WORRY.
And you're made out of STARS–
The same STUFF that they ARE!
So be like the stars, IN NO HURRY.



And instead of the hours,
Try counting the **FLOWERS**,
Still at **PLAY** like the **YEAR**
you were **BORN** in.


'Til you pass evermore,
Through the WIDE-OPEN DOOR.


And EMBRACE the
MYSTERIOUS MORNING.